

THE SIRENS



SILKY SIRENS





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SILKY

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Marlena

MET Marlene Manners, a lush full bodied kind of beauty with the loveliness that men have sought down through the ages. The editors of this magazine are happy to initiate this portfolio dedicated to beauty with one who is the embodiment of the word. So Meet Marlena, a star shimmering, a rare talent in the making, a tender flower in full bloom and a young lady to watch and watch and watch and watch . . .









A Day In The Country





NO perfume from a distant land—not even the mysterious Orient—can equal that of Old Mother Earth herself on a Summer's day—and Cuthy Cunningham, vigorous and bursting with the fullness of life itself, spreads wide her mantle of loveliness and, spending a day in the wide open country, becomes one with the beauty of nature.



For those who are interested in statistics Monroe is 19, 37 21 36, lives in New York City, parties well and has over 1,000 jazz records.









She also designs her own clothes but that's really no great trick considering the fact that just about any old rag would look great on her





DOUBLE FEATURE

According to a very popular song, "There Is Nothing Like A Dame". Well, we hesitate to argue with Rodgers and Hammersten but wouldn't you



say that two lovelies were much better than one?
So would we. And with that in mind we present
Jackie Jones, (blonde) and Kim Kay, (brunette)







Kim and Jackie-- who are now the best of friends-- met while competing for the title Miss Everything. We know who won but we'll let you figure it out.





EGYPTIAN ADVENTURE

Cairo are like people
Chicago is a gangster
London is a gentleman in a
Bowler hat

Paris is a flâneur—sedate but
still pervasively beautiful

Cairo? Cairo may be a lot
of things. It may be Parosic, or
the faces of long dead kings
looking out anxiously over the
desert, or it may be Mozart.

It may even be a belly
dancer.

Now when I say belly dancer
I don't mean the kind that are
exported to the U.S.A., nor do
I mean the ones that dance in
the commercial tourist dens of
Egypt. Nor the plump ones that
wear a bra made of gold cloth
and a girdle set low in front to
emphasize the rise of the navel.
Those so-called belly dancers
are about as sexy as a straw-
berry spade. They do no
humps or groins nor do they
remove one bit of clothing.
They are strictly for the rear
eye.

Disappointing? Well, yes, if
that's the only kind of belly
dancing you ever get to see.
But I can tell you that the real
thing is a most sensuous experi-
ence. It's a dance that will turn

your ankles so gilly if you're
ever lucky enough to witness it.
When men merely do

I do?

It happened like this:

One night at Shepherd's Ho-
tel I saw the most beautiful
woman I had ever laid eyes on.
Perhaps it was not beauty at all
—perhaps it was the combina-
tion of her dark skin, her mag-
nificent and barbaric jewelry
and her kind of cat like face
that reminded me of a jungle
animal. Or maybe it was the
fact that she had the air and
the manner of a great lady.
The bartender, when I inquired
about her, just shook his head.
But when I again inquired with
a rolled first spot next to my
glass he told me, "Princess Ta-
bahou."

I had no time to do anything
with the information since she
quickly returned what I was
saying to the barkeep and left
as I returned to my table.

I wasn't upset. I knew if I
waited something would hap-
pen. In Cairo everyone waits
and everything happens.

Only a few days later I was
strolling through the Genia
Gardens, which are as lush and

brisk as any spot in cen-
tral Africa, when I came upon
that lovely creature again.

Then I forgot about her. Or
rather, I forced myself not to
think of her. I dreamed of her,
though, every night, until one
day I spotted her in the Shep-
herd's Hotel where a woman, like
myself, head of the cosmopolitan
part of the town might wait
der down to the native quarter,
near the gate at the edge of
town. That time the "princess"
was no longer a princess. She
was a native girl, still cov-
ered—but the scold's packings,
which I had first seen smiling
between her sensational breasts
was still around her neck, al-
though now it fell loosely over
the gown which covered her
from head to foot. The lower
part of her face was covered
but her eyes were unmistak-
able. It was Tabahou, for sure.

I stood near her. And, as she
turned and recognized me, I
got ready for anything. Any-
thing, that is, except what hap-
pened. She smiled at me. I
could see it in her eyes, and I
could see the mesh of the veil
as her lips opened and curved
under it.





Like a damn fool, I just stood there, open-mouthed.

Then she was gone. Lost in the crowd.

I went back to the bar to think that one over.

Somebody, fortunately, helped me with my thinking.

It was the bartender with the only pain.

"You want to see more of the process?" he asked.

I nodded. I knew I was a sucker. I knew I'd get taken. Get pulled. But I didn't care, it was worth the risk.

"You want to see her very much?"

My eyes asked, "How much?"

"One hundred dollars," the bartender answered. "Just to see her. Nothing else."

I looked deeply into his face.

"It will be worth it," he said quietly. When I hesitated he applied the clincher. "She wants you to see her and—though I cannot understand why—the way to meet you afterwards."

"When?" was all I wanted to know.

"Tonight, after midnight. Do not dress well. Dress like, (with a sport) one of us."

I went up to my room to wait. I looked in the mirror at the biggest fool in Cairo. One hundred dollars—to see what? I had seen many women in my day. One more wasn't going to give me any surprises.

Promptly at one, there was a knock on the door.

It was the bartender. He looked like a poor Egyptian. He looked more like a rich Britisher.

He nodded approvingly at my hunched look.

"Give me the hundred now," he demanded. "And carry no more than a few coins with you. Don't speak at all except to me. Then don't forget to see my niece. It is Selim."

We went by car a distance of

about twenty blocks. Then Selim parked in a back-smelling alley, got out and without a word, walked away from me, up the street.

I followed.

It was another world.

It was Cairo, the city within a city.

After about five minutes walk Selim turned abruptly into a large doorway. He looked once back over the empty street. The door opened by itself and we stepped into a kind of inner courtyard. Doors led down to the right. We descended. There had been light in the courtyard but they gradually diminished until we reached the bottom almost in total darkness. I vividly remember that Selim grabbed my arm and pulled me into a corner, and, on the same gesture, forced me down to a sitting position.

Looking about in the dark, I could see others—no more than a dozen seated on cushions as I was. Selim motioned to a niche in the wall. There was a decanter holding some liquid.

He filled a glass for me.

Then he raised off his own in one gulp.

I recognized it as Arak, a popular drink of the East.

He offered me a pipe. "Nargilah?"

I shook my head. Another Arak, maybe, but not the pipe.

Now I could see more clearly in the dim light. We young girls were on three sides of what looked like a tiny dance floor. On the fourth side were ranged eight of the men again; he men I have ever seen in my life. There couldn't have been one of them under one foot on. They were all superbly dressed.

Each had a dress, a hand made job of skin stretched over a frame made of bones—swapping from the smallest, about the

size of a quart jug to one as large as one as a barrel, although only half as deep.

A spotlight hit the corners of the floor. And into that eloquent silence and the glare of that single spotlight stepped the most madly and desecrable female I had ever seen.

She was utterly naked, except for a scarab amulet that hung from her neck and swung between her breasts.

It was Tahmina.

Then she danced.

The belly dance, as Tahmina danced it, is an acrobatic exercise. The French, who know something of the desert peoples, have called it the dance du ventre. First the stomach begins to quiver as the dancer manipulates only certain muscles about the navel. The eye fixed on that center spot as the muscles begin to rotate, quiver and quiver, the belly begins actually to rotate, faster and faster. Simultaneously the breath is drawn in and out so, of the belly resembles a flapping sea of flesh, moving faster, sometimes, than the eye can follow.

I cannot, in good taste, describe all that went on.

Then, suddenly her eyes grew wider. Her movements more sensuous. Her body in a frenzy. Then with a shriek the prisoner fell to the floor. She lay still. Her dark hair forming a circle about her head.

Silence.

No one moved. No one could. I was helpless. Spent. I had no interest other than getting out. Out into the cool night.

"Selim," I said.

"Come," he said, "Tahmina awaits you."

I followed.

Her apartment was within very limits. Selim took me to her door and vanished. I knocked,

and it was the precious herself who let me in. She seemed fully recovered from the ecstasy of her illness and even smiled shyly at me. She was wearing a naive robe of cotton as light as tissue; it was transparent, allowing me to again partake of that wonderful body. Scalds were on her feet, and, of course, the scars on her breast.

"What would you do if I said, we finish to you again?" she asked laughing.

"This!" I said and took her and kissed her hard. She bit my lip. Almost made me bleed.

"You are too impetuous," she said. "There will be time—later. For now, let's eat."

She had prepared meat from a gazelle as a ceremonial sacrifice and she now rolled that in flour, put it in a casserole over the fire with a small incensepot of olive-oil, and let it brown. When the meat was nearly cooked, she added the juice of both a lemon and an orange, and served it all piping-hot. With it we each had a goblet of Alek.

"This is delicious," I remarked. "What is it?"

"The meat is prepared according to an old Roman formula," said the princess. "I usually place celery, a pinch of fennel seeds, peppercorns, ginger, salt and so forth."

"The Romans devised this dish," Tahana went on, "to make the both passionate and potent."

"Indeed," I said as calmly as I could, "but I don't really need it."

"We'll see," she said, rising. She took my hand again and she then led me to her bedroom. There were cushions, wait to wait.

"They were needed."

A man degrades a woman—any woman—by talking another the personal secrets of her love making, so I will say no more

about those wonderful moments, save this. Since Tahana has, I wonder if any woman will ever satisfy me again.

"You are a wonderful man," she whispered, as we watched the dawn creep through the windows.

"It must have been that meal you prepared," I said jokingly.

"No, it was you. And I have a way to have this happen again. Many times, maybe. Tomorrow night let us meet. I know a place in the desert where we will be safe for a week."

"Safe?" I jumped up and fled at the word.

"Those men at the drums," he explained slowly. "They are my brothers. I belong to them. It is they who make my dance and it is they who get the money. They do not want me to go away. But I want to—with you. Now listen carefully. Tomorrow night, meet me just within the side doorway of the Sultan Hassan Mosque. We will go from there. But be prompt. And now you must leave me, but only until tomorrow."

At her doorway the princess, her body against mine in fantasy, well and whispered: "Don't forget, the Sultan Hassan Mosque."

The next day I spent in my room. I was afraid I might run into Sekti if I went into the streets, or anywhere near the Shepherds' bar. But suddenly about ten o'clock that night I realized that I didn't even know where the Mosque was. I inquired at the desk and was directed to the top of the hill overlooking the city.

At eleven fifteen I casually strolled off in that direction. At midnight precisely, I was standing by the side door of the Mosque.

"You're a jerk," I said to myself. "Waiting for that mes-

senger. She's probably back at home with her brothers trying out some new routine."

At that moment, I heard a scream—or at least what sounded like a scream—coming from the other side of the street, just down the hill. I wanted to investigate, but I decided to wait a while longer for Tahana's return.

She didn't come.

At three thirty, I gave up. The bar at Shepherds' might still be open and Sekti might give me a clue. There was nothing to lose now.

"A little refreshment, after your long wait?" he asked.

I nodded, watching him.

Let me tell you something,"

he said. "On the hill overlooking the city there are two mosques. It has been said that tonight you were observed entering the mosque on the side doorway of the Sultan Hassan Mosque."

He paused.

"The Sultan?" I asked carefully. "But he said—"

"Yes, it was in the Sultan that you were observed," Sekti went on. "You may want to inform another of our beautiful mosques at another time. It is the Sultan Of Hassan Mosque, which is just across the street from the office and just a bit down the hill. A very lovely and lovely spot."

I remembered the scream I'd heard.

The next morning I went back to the hill. I walked over to the Sultan Of Hassan Mosque and found the side door.

There in the dark—I found the Scarab symbol.

It is in my pocket as I write this.

Sekti?

He disappeared.

The Princess?

Only the scarab remains. It is silent.



Sun On A Fun Day





MARION CLARK by vocation is a model. By avocation she is a nature girl and never misses a chance to get out under the sun and let her hair down. Of course that's one way to learn firsthand about the birds and the bees but wouldn't it be terrible if she got so wrapped up in nature she decided to become a hermit?









MARION takes to the woods every chance she gets. She feels that all serenity and beauty springs from the sun and that one can become more beautiful by getting closer to the source of supply. You might say that communing with nature was second nature with this natural beauty.



CAROL

Carol

CAROL

CAROL

CAROL









A scientific study of Carol Hill — our color girl — would show that she is dolichocephalic and mesomorphic. Meaning she's briny and beautifully built.





**SMILE
PRETTY**



There is no smile quite like the smile on the man who looks on a sight such as Fran Thomas. Place an atomic bomb, a dictionary, an IBM machine before your normal male and he responds with an I-guess-I-might-as-well-pleasure but show him a doll like this and his smile warms the coldest day.



Fran's magic
number is
101 which
merely means
that she's a
very lovely
40-23-38



THIS
TWIN IS
THE
TONI

The mystery's solved ...



This twin is definitely the Toni—How do we know???







We know this one's Toni 'cause we know her twin sister's name is Claudette and we also know that they're both 38—22—36





Joyce
Kilmer
Was
Wrong



W

ith a hearty *bough* to Joyce Kilmer's prowess with a poem we submit that he was wrong. But before we bark too loudly we'll *leaf* it to you, dear reader, to answer: Is Marla Finley is or is Marla Finley ain't as lovely as a tree?





And to branch out still further while rooting for Marla we'll tell you that she's 19, single and digs poetry.



50 MILLION



FRENCHMEN CAN'T BE WRONG





AS YOU must have gathered from the title Gabrielle Devos is French. Before coming to New York she lived in an artist colony where she posed, painted, sculpted and studied dancing. Svelt and sleek she personifies the beauty of France and we might add here that we have rarely seen a pair of nylons so glorified as those worn by Gaby — You agree?







FRAMED





What does one do with a beautiful picture? One frames it, nat' b'!



Since one pic is
worth 10,000 words we
herewith present
30,000 words.





Shane . . .











SHANE, fabled in song and story
was a two faced, hard-riding, quick-
on-the-trigger and fast-as-the-dead
cowboy who came out of the west
Shane Harris, the lovely lass on
those pillars also came out of the
west—hence the resemblance still
Certainly is she as shapely as Shane
shall never have to use a six gun to
get anything in this world her heart
might desire — she's just too pretty









SILKY SIRENS





CAROL

Carol

CAROL

CAROL

CAROL









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A Day In The Country





NO portland from a distant land—not even the mysterious Orient—can equal that of Old Mother Earth herself on a Summer's day—and Cadey Cunningham, invigorated and bursting with the fullness of life itself spreads wide her mantle of loveliness and, spending a day in the wide open country, becomes one with the beauty of nature



For those who are interested in statistics Marlina is 19, 37 - 21 - 36; lives in New York City, paints well and has over 1,000 jazz records.









She also designs her own clothes but that's really no great trick considering the fact that just about any old rag would look great on her.









**SMILE
PRETTY**













Fran's magic
number is
101 which
merely means
that she's a
very lovely
40-23-38

















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TWIN IS
THE
TONI

The mystery's solved...



This twin is definitely the Toni—How do we know???













**We know this one's Toni 'cause
we know her twin sister's name
is Claudette and we also know
that they're both 38—22—36**



